FAITH.

With constant faith surpassing doubt I stand and watch the tide go out— That 'twill come back I say to you I do not know, and yet I do.

At eventide I see the day
Put night on guard and go away.
Will morning come the mists to woo!
I do not know, and yet I do. I see the sere that autums bring.

Will verdue come with waking spring?

My faith alone can abover true—
I do not know, and yet I do. We see our loved ones droop and die. Hath Heaven a brighter life on high— Is death the vale that leads thereto? I do not know, and yet I do:

A Valued Confidential Clerk.

[Atlanta Constitution] I heard of a clerk once in a dry goods store who was smart and quick and splendid manager, and all that, but he got uppity and biggoty, and put on conquental nirs until he was very disagreeable, and he took occasion to say to his associates that the concern couldn't possibly get along without him. So the old gentleman, who was the senior -partner alled him in the office one day, and says he: "Mr. Jenkins, you have been very efficient, and we appreciate your services, but I hear that you have repeatedly asserted that if you were to die the concern couldn't possibly survive it and this has worried me no little, for you, like all men, are liable to die very unexpectedly, and so we have concluded to experiment while we are in health, and see if the concern will survive. So you will please consider yourself dead for a year, and we will try it."

It Bitte Us All. It is a common failing of mankind to rebel at the sphere which fate or Providence has assigned and yearn for another lot. The carpenter thinks if he were only a mason he would lead a happier life; the lawyer wishes he had studied medicine; the comedian feels that tragedy is his true forte: and the tiller of the soil in his thoughtlessness wishes he were an editor, exercising the capacity he knows he has to mold the sentiments of the world, and furnish all the news for s

given number of pennies. This is not a new discovery. Horace says: There is another difference in the ade it some centuries ago and it has been incidentally referred to by some ands of writers since his time. Bu there is a cognate principle not so generally understood. While it is true that many men regard themselves as eminently fitted for something better than they are doing-and are mistaken in such repard—there are others who think them lves at their best in the vocation to which they have been called, but who really are capable of something infinitely tter and more useful. The "mute, clorious Miltons' -who really are Milons are not numerous; but there are

The Price of Divorces. [Philadelphia Press.]

"We will suppose that the husband bringing the suit. His lawyer immediately strikes him for a \$50 bill. This is before any thing is done. No money, no divorce. Then as soon as the papers have been served on the wife her lawyer applies to court for a rule compelling the husband to pay him \$50, too.

The court accedes to this as a matter of course, and the rule is always made absolute. By this time the proceedings have cost the libelant \$100. Formerly the legal fee on each side was \$35, and he could have got thus far for \$70; but thank Heaven, under the new rules the the fact that the captain of the Popinprice has been raised. Then the court | jay is carried prisoner to one battle, and appoints a master or examiner to take returns a prisoner from the other; and and gets at the facts. His fee is \$25 for | white sail that bears Queen Mary for the the first meeting and \$10 a meeting after last time from her native land, very that. Two or three meetings usually | nearly forgets to finish his novel, or tell

Sheriff had had his dig at the litigants in the shape of \$3 fee for serving the papers | were united in spite of their differing on the respondent. Then, when the de- faiths. cree is made, the libelant pays \$10 for it | Neither let it be thought for an inand the whole thing is made a matter stant that the slight and sometimes of record by the Prothonotary, who, for scornful glance with which. Scott passes that little service, gets \$5. This makes over scenes which a novelist of our own \$140, provided that the master has day would have analyzed with the airs but one hearing. Two would usually be of a philosopher and painted with the

"How about contested divorces, you ack? Ah," said the lawyer, rubbing his happiness. hands with glee and putting on his best smile, "now you etrike a rich vein. Unfortunately for us, the majority of di- clear of all the passions once known as are only too wiling to get clear of each | magnifies the apparent force of the one other. But a good contested case that remaining sentiment which sighs through involves a jury trial of several days, the barren chamber or clings inextricaand perhaps a week or two, will run the nd, perhaps, into a few thousand

HOW GUN COTTON IS MADE.

[New York Times.] It is not generally known that there is but one place in the United States where gun cotton is manufactured, but such is

Newport Harbor. In the manufacture of gun cotton the best cotton waste and the strongest and purest nitric and sulphuric acids are used for the explosive. The cotton waste, after it has been handpicked for the purpose of removing the dirt and grit, is placed in boiling tanks, where it is allowed to re main for four hours. It is afterwards subjected to a thorough washing and is reboiled. This operation removes all oily matter and leaves the cotten harsh and stiff. It is then dried in the rooms beated with the waste air from a drying

box. After undergoing this treatment the cotton rolls up into snarls and bunches and in order that the scid may have freer access to it is passed through a shredder and converted into a flutly state. I to him. It is afterward exposed in an air-tight box for several hours to a temperature of 200 degrees, which practically deprives it of all moisture. From the air-tight box it is removed to the dipping room, where there are iron troughs filled with one part nitric acid and two parts of sulphurc acid. Into these troughs the cotton is placed, one bundle at a time, and allowed to remain about ten minutes, long enough for it to be thoroughly soaked. The acid is hand-preced from the cottor, which is

here it memains twenty-four hours adargoing chemical transformation. In view of the fact that much heat is during the reaction, it is found to place the jars in pots and

serves to keep them cool. The cotton is ! now nitrated and is practically gun-cotton, but the acid, still mechanically held, must be wholly removed or it would be apt to quickly deteriorate and become extremely dangerous. The charges, therefore, are taken one by one and placed in an acid wringer and plunged into a large tub which is kept filled with running water, in which a large wheel is rapidly turned in order to subject the

cotton to a thorough washing. This latter process is continued till no acid is perceptible to the taste. It is then subjected to a still further washing and boiling in an alkaline mixture, this being necessary to remove every trace of acid. The cotton is now in long shreds and balls, which can be used or stored without dan ger, the processes of conversion and cleansing being completed, but for military use it must be put into a more compact form. For this purpose the gun-coton in charges of 300 pounds is thrown | mortar. into a pulping tub, where, mixed with water, it is ground by steel cutters into a

The grinding and breaking up of the cellular tissue of the cotton has made it | do it. more or less dirty, and it is necessary, therefore, to expose it to frequent washings in the poaching tubs, from which after treating it with lime water to make the moisture slightly alkaline, it is drawn was upholding the theory that whatever up into a large iron tank, where it is fed trials and difficulties might stand in to the molds, which under a moderate pressure, press the water from the pulp and trim out cylinders of cotton about eight inches high and three and a half inches in diameter. These cylinders are then placed under a hydraulic press and exposed to a pressure of about 1,700 pounds to the square inch or about eight

The cylinders are pressed into bard dakes or disks, some two inches high and three and a half inches in diameter, with a specific gravity a little greater than water. They are then packed in boxes of fifty pounds each and kept in magazines for general use. Gun-cotton is from its great explosive power and the conditions of safety attached to its storage, superior to any other known explosive for naval warfare.

An Analysis of Marriage.

John Ruskin, in Nineteenth Century woof of a Waverly novel from the cobweb of a modern one which depends on Scott's larger view of life.

Marriage is by no means, in his conception of men and women, the most important business of their existence; nor their virtue or exertion. It is not in his reading of the laws of Providence a necessity that virtue should, either by love or any other external blessing, be rewarded at all; and marriage is in all cases thought of as a constituent of the happiness of life; but not as its only interest, still less its only aim.

And upon analyzing with some care the motive of its principal stories, we shall often find that the love in them is merely a light by which the sterner features of character are to be irradiated, and that the marriage of the hero is as subordinate to the main bent of the story as Henry V's courtship of Katherine is to the battle of Agincourt. Nav. the fortunes of the person who is nominally the subject of the tale, are often little more than a back-ground on which grander figures are to be drawn, and

deeper fates foreshadowed. The judgments between the faith and chivairy of Scotland at Drumclog and Bothwell bridge owe little to their interest, in the mind of a sensible reader, to y. He hears all the witnesses | Scott himself, while he watches the us-and with small sense of any conso-I forgot to say that before this the lation to be had out of that minor circumstance—that "Roland and Catherine

necessary, and this makes the grand total curiosity of a gossip, indicate any absence in his heart of sympathy with the great and sacred elements of personal

An era like ours, which has with dili gence and ostentation swept his heart vorces are not contested, as both sides | loyalty, patriotism and piety, necessarily bly round the chasms of ruin; nor can it but regard with awe the unconquerable spirit which still tempts or betrays the | ple before you find one to explain the

The Way Some Do Business.

One of the Rothschilds was once upon a time playing cards, when one of the the case. This is at the torpedo station in players, a noted miser, let fall a small piece of money, and insisted upon stopping the game while he took the candle and looked for it. Whereupon the great banker, taking a bank note from his pocket, lit it, and handing it to the miserly player, bade him hunt for his money with that.

A Connecticut shoe maker, the other day, carlessly laid down a \$5 bill that one of his customers had handed him on his bench by his side. Getting ready to light the gas, he picked up a pice of paper, twisted it into a taper, used it and threw away the unburned remnant. When his daughter called his attention to the fact that his taper was his \$5 bill, the resemblance to a Rothchild did not make him feel like one; but he hastened to forward the charred remainder for redemption to the United States Treasury. with a sworn affidavit to the circumstances. The swearing came very easy,

A Law Story.

[Merchant Traveler] The next one is on Mr. Johnson. He was arguing a case before Judge Storer. and there arose some interruptions and the talking became general.

"There's too much talking in the court room," said the sourt warningly and with irritation. "I haven't been saying anything, Your

it semains twenty-four hours sure to himself. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Johnson," remonded the Judge politely, "but I have been aware of that fact for the last bour

ich I The argument closed shortly after.

DECETTFULNESS.

his flock he spoke about the poor At home with misery at his very door, His congregation thought: "How good a man!
And shared his tears: His charity-it went no farther than The people's cars.

A Woman's Small House

[Ella Rodman Church.] The small houses that men build are not tasteful; they always build a row of them which look as if they had been cast in a mould, and are utterly lacking in the way of finish. A woman's small house would be sure to have a fine entrance, to which a diminutive house has quite as good a right as a large one; it would also be convenient, and pleasent throughout its length and breadth dainty, unexpected touches that would make it a sort of poem in brick and

Penty of people are craving just such a house as this; and, therefore, victory seems perched in advance on the banners of the woman who shall dare and

> A Good thing. [Exchange]

On one occasion Mr. Chasles Dickens man's path there is always something to be thankful for. "Let me, in proof there. of," said Dickens, "relate a story:

Two men were to be hung at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived; the hour approached; the bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll; the convicts were placed; the procession was formed; it advanced to the fatal beam; the ropes were adjusted around the poor men's necks; there were thousands of motley sightseers of both sexes, of all ages, men, women and children, in front of the scaffold; when, just at that second of time, a bull which was being driven to Smithfield broke his rope, and charged the mob right and left, scattering the people everywhere with his horns. Whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion, and quietly observed: 'I say Jack, it's a good thing we ain't in that crowd.'

Our Semi-Acquaintance.

Boston Courier. These are our acquaintances whose names we do not know; the many persens with whom we are more or less concerned, day after day, week after week, or even year after year, yet in whose iove the only reward to be proposed to places in the great circle of humanity we have not sufficient interest, even for a moment to have considered by what names they are known. Let any man reflect a little and he will become conscious that a goodly perpertion of all those with whom he is upon nodding or speaking terms belongs to this category or but just escape it.

We have all of us our strong likes and dislikes in regard to countenances which are familiar, yet really are those of absolute strangers. We ride day after day in the cars with a man whom we would gladly order to execution simply from the objectionability of his personal appearance; or we pass on the street every afternoon a woman whose physiognomy entitles her, in our opinion, to canonization. In either case the sentiment in regard to the face is so definite and gennine as to exercise an influence upon our character and temperament, yet we in reality know nothing whatever concerning these people who thus change our

A third class of semi-acquaintance are the many people whom we know, more or less well, through report; of whom we have heard anecdotes and facts of different sorts, and for whom we have built up a character from a single characteristic, as a comparative anatomist constructs a skeleton from a single bone. This host of beings is pretty largely imaginary, yet in each there is something of truth and reality which binds him to earth and classes him with mortals. The human family is large, but each of us is exposed to influence from all the other

SHORT TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

Fifteen or twenty of you boys get or your old clothes, and come with me into the paint factory, and we will learn some secrets worth knowing.

To begin with, what is white lead which is the basis of nearly all paints?

"Don't know." It would be odd if you did. Now and pots, but you will ask a great many peo-

use. It is the same with lead, only the "pigs" are not as large and heavy. The first step in the mannfacture is to rode the lead. We will take what is called the "old Dutch process," because that makes the best article. The "pigs' are tossed into a melting furnace, and when reduced to a liquid state the metal is drawn off into molds which are called "buckle molds." The lead thus molded is called a "buckle," being a little round cake nearly as large as a saucer but not so thick, and perforated in many

These "buckles" are carried by an endless belt and dropped into earthen jars of various sizes. At the bottom of each jar is a small quantity of acetic acid. When a jar is full of "buckles," which have been dropped in without regard to order, it is removed to the corroding house. Here the jars are placed in a row, cov ered by boards, the boards covered by two inches of tanbark, and then another course of jars is added until all the room is taken up. There is nothing more to do for ninety days except to wait. The acid at once begins its work on the "buckles," and corrosion is the result. the perforations of which I spoke permit the fumes to get at all parts of

the little cake. At the end of ninety days the lead should be corroded. The "buckles" are then bleached out until they look like crackers, and will crumble to pieces at the touch. The same acid which has be- England, and in all that time has regufriended us to the corresion is now our worst enemy, and must be got rid of. Haven't you rubbed your hand along | there are ninety-five deaf mutes, all of

spieared with a white powder? Well. that house was painted with lead from

which the acetic acid was not thoroughly washed out, and the paint killed and powdered up. The jars are taken to the washing

troughs and their contents emptied in and the water is then let in and the batch is sluiced until we have a mixture the color of milk and scarcely heavier. After a deal of washing the water is drawn of and the lead is found at the bottom of the troughs. If the acid has been taken out it is shoveled into jars again, and these are carried into a hot-air room and left for the water to evaporate. When this has been accomplished the contents of the jars are emptied on copper dryingpans heated by steam. The stuff now looks like ice cream, but soon dries until a word coming that he does not "counit is as fine and almost as white as flour. To make paint it simply has to be ground | you building there?" asked a stranger in

Let me ask you if that wasn't a curious discovery? Who could have got the idea into his head as he looked at a bar of lead that it would preserve and beau tify the buildings of the world? And the process requires so much time that men must have spent years in experimenting to get the right acid and the proper method of using.

Now to prove to you that this white paint was once metal, we'll take this piece of charcoal, dig out a small hole in the center, and fill the cavity with paint. Now light your coal and put the blowpipe at work, and what is the result? ragged button of lead! Acid made it paint-fire furns it back to its original

The corroder ships to the paint facto ries by the barrel. At thefactories the dry stuff is poured into a paint mill, oil added, and the stuff is ground through three different mills before it comes out as you see it in the paint cans. If the paint man is making pure lead he adds nothing. If he so desires the lead is adulterated while grinding. There is a species of quartz rock called barytes. When this is pulvarized it closely resembles lead, and is largely used to adulter-

Did you ever call a boy a "puttyhead?" Well, you did it without knowing anything about putty. Here is whiting are placed in this great iron basin, so much oil added, and then the machinery is set in motion. Iron knives kept mixing the stuff up and turning it over and over, and a grind-stone, weighing 4,000 pounds and faced with iron, rolls around the basin twenty times a minute. This stone is called a "chaser, and it mashes the putty down as fast as the knives can fling it over. Pure putt is made almost entirely of whiting and linseed oil, although a small quantity of cotton-seed oil is used in every grade to prevent it from drving too soon. The next grade contains about half marble dust, and the poorest grade, which good enough for all outdoor work, five sevenths marble-dust to two of whit-

But what is whiting?" Ask your father that question and see if he can come within forty rods of s correct answer. I've many a time been told that it was clay. It is chalk -the very same chalk you use on the blackboard, only ground to a fine pow

Now, about other paints. Red lead the white lead burned on the copper pans I spoke of until it is red. Yellov ochre is a mineral, black is made from lamp black, which is simply soot, and there are several kinds of paint which are simply a mineral clay purified and burned. Much of the colored paints-as blue, green, pink, etc .- have white lead for a basis.

lamates of Our Almshouses. [Octave Thanet, in Atlantic.]

The popular impression about the pauper class is a queer mixture of indifference and sentimental pity. While not one in a thousand has ever taken the pains to see the inside of an almshouse, there is yet a prevalent idea that almshouses, for the most part, shelter the unhappy and guiltless poor, whom unmercitui disaster has followed fast and followed faster until it has chased them to this last refuge,-people who have come from vine-covered cottages, or tidy rooms up one flight of stairs in tenement houses, with a big Bible on the table and a pot of flowers in the window, or even from luxurious homes desolated by commer-

As a matter of fact, the great majority of American indoor paupers belong to what are called the lowest classes, and seek the almshouse not because of unmerthat the same lead you mold into bullets | ciful disaster, but because of very comis the white lead you see in the paint- mon vices. Between half and two thirds of them are of foreign birth.

Any one who has visited many almssagacities or selfishness into error or process of manufacture. Let us follow most of paupers will recognize the same up a long word such as extraordinary. houses or talked with the men who know be, inexperienced persons think, to take old story. "Paupers," said a plain-spoken Iron is melted into what is called almshouse keeper to a convention of Penn-"pigs" for shipment, and for convenient sylvania directors of the poor,-"paupers, though not criminals, are, so far the lower classes of society; most of them being ignorant, and many of them possessed of all the low and mean instincts of human nature, with scarcely a redeeming quality."

The writer once asked the steward of a large city almshouse if he had many persons come to him who had formerly been prosperous, and had, through disease or some other cause not their own fault, been reduced to seek public help. He said, "Never:" then added, "Well, ves there was one man: he had seven horses, and he was taken sick, and sold one horse after another. And there was another man who was said to have had considerable property, but he drank."
I asked him if he had many applicants who had been decent, industrious, laboring people and had come there from any other cause than disease or old age. He answered emphatically, "Not one, This man spoke from an experience of

Probably it is a liberal estimate to put down one tenth of the paupers as people deserving of sympathy; the other nine tenths are in the almshouse because they get into prison. Such people do not have a hard life in the almshouses. The squal-It isn't the acid direct, but'its fumes, and or does not disturb men and women who tept houses there is usually plenty to eat and little to do.

A deaf family in New Hampshire bas been traced to the fourteenth century in larly shown a succession of deaf mutes, In Maine there is a family in which them connected by blood or marriage.

A Baby's Novel Wardrobe.

[Babyhood Magasine.] A woman of fortune recently had al her child's slips, skirts and tiny shir made of Chinese washing-silk and pong fabrics, but not an article of the out was in any way trimmed. The fabrics used were all of the best, but no frin peries were allowed, with the exception, however, of the christening robe surah, the barrie cost, and the long cloak of white cashmere, all of which were handsomely embroidered.

Retorts. A Cat and an Irishman are always ready. If puss falls from any height, she lands on her feet, and Pat never sees ter" it with a better one. "What are London of an Irishman making mortal in front of Cardinal Manning's Pro Ca

"A church, yer honor." "Oh! a church? Of what denomina-"Of no denominatin at all ver honor:

it's the holy Roman Catholic church.'

"I'm very sorry to hear it." "Yes, sor, that's what the devil says, answered Pat, as he resumed his work. "I'll not give you anything, but I'l lend you a shilling," said a gentleman t an Irishman who had just driven him t

ye," was the quick answer. A beggar woman, with a mass of rec hair, was soliciting alms from a stage coach full of passengers. Some ruide persons called out then. "Foxy head. fox v head!" "May you never see the dyer," she re

"Ah thin, may yer honor live till I pay

"Go to the devil!" shouted an irate passenger, as another woman persistently asked for a penny.

"Ah, thin it is a long journey yer ho or is sending us; may be ver going to give us something to pay our expenses on the road."

The Religious Editor's Spree. (Brooklyn Eagle.)

"You're looking pretty fresh this mornwhere it is made. So many pounds of ing," observed the managing editor, as the religious editor strolled into the to tie his shoe.

"Don't feel very good!" growled the re- | the trial the pressmen in the Times build ligious editor. "I got off with some of the boys last night and we had a racket; now you hear me shout. "Who was the party?" inquired th

managing editor, enviously. "A lot of clergymen were showing a stranger around," replied the religious night, and thenceforth the steam press editor, stretching out full length. went from one church to another to see how the prayer meetings were getting on, and then we called on several old fellows who were too superannuated to get around with us. They all set 'em up-' "Set up what?" demanded the managing editor, rather startled.

Lemonade, and biscuits and dough nuts," continued the religious editor. "By that time it was 9 o'clock, and all hands were getting excited, and some body said he knew a man who had cider in his cellar. After we had downed a quart or two of that we began to get reckless. So we went to the house of one of the brethren and sang hymns till half past 10. I got a notion how things were coming out and wanted to jump the game, but they wouldn't have it, and the most hilarious man in the crowd said if we would come around to his house he would cut a pie. That made em all fairly wild, and away we went. After the pie we had some more hymns, and, finally, to wind up the whole business. I sent out and bought a watermelon. That busted the racket. They got to throwing seeds that you could almost hear them in the

"Anything else," inquired the managing editor, dryly. "No," responded the religious editor. "When we had finished the melon we all went home, but you bet some of those dominies have got a head on 'em this

ORIGIN OF THE LONDON TIMES.

The starting of this great newspaper, one hundred years ago, was a mere accident in the development of another business. Almost every one who has stood in a printing office watening compositors set type must have sometime asked himself, why not have the whole words cast together, instead of obliging the printer to pick up each letter separately! Such words as and, the, but, it is, and even larger words like although and notwithstanding, occur very often in all compositions. How easy it would and place it in position at one stoke.

In the year 1785 there was a printer in London named John Walter, well estabas my knowledge extends, largely from lished in business, who was fully resolved on giving this system a trial. At great expense and trouble he had all the com monest words and phrases cast together. He would give his type-founder an order like this; - "Send me a hundred weight, made up in separate pounds, of heat, cold. wet, dry, murder, fire, dreadful robbery, atrocious outrage, fearful calamity, and alarming explosion.'

This system he called logographic printing-logographic being a combination of two Greek words signifying word writing. In order to give publicity to the new system, on which he held a patent. as well as to afford it a fuller trial, he started a newspaper, which he called the Daily Universal Register. The newspaginning; but the logographic printing a fire-pot all day and continually suffer system would not work. Not only did the compositors place obstacles in the way, but the system itself presented difficulties which neither John Walter por any subsequent experimenter has been able to surmount.

"The whole English language," said have not wit enough or energy enough to Mr. Walter, in one of his numerous ad- Straits, it is a few hours journey from dresses to the public, "lay before me in a confused arrangement. It consists of about 90,000 wards. This multitudinous have known nothing else; the immorality mass I reduced to about 5,000, by sepasolete words, technical terms, and common terminations."

After years of labor, this most resolute and tenacious of men was obliged to give it up. It was too expensive, too logographic printing was a failure, the saw Traveler.

Daily Universal Register proved more and more successful. It was a dingy littie sheet, about twice as large as a sheet of foolscap, without "leader," and conaining a small number of well-selected paragraphs of news. It had also occasionally a short notice of the plays of the night before, and a few items of what we now call "fashionable intelligence." The advertisements, after the paper had been in existence three years, averaged about fifty a day, most of them very bothers you, tie him up. short. Its price was threepence. paper upon which it was printed was coarse and cheap. In the third year of

From this period the newspaper appears to have gone forward, without any nterruption, to the present day. In due on, John Walter the second, who seems and slow curtain. have possessed his father's resolution and energy, with more knowledge of the world and a better education. It was he she took the first decisive step toward placing the Times at the head

Until the year 1814, all the printing imes could only be struck off at the rate | power-the gift of expression. f four hundred and fifty copies an hour. Hence, the circulation of the paper, when it had reached three or four thousand copies a day, had attained the utmost development then supposed to be possi ble; and when such news came as that of the battle of Austerlitz, Trafalgar or Waterloo, the edition was exhausted long before the demand was supplied. There Times, named Thomas Martyn, who, as early as 1804, conceived the idea of apolying Watt's improved steam engine to a printing press. He showed his model John Walter, who furnished him with money and room in which to continue his experiments, and perfect his machine: but the pressmen pursued the inventor with such blind hate, that the man was in terror of his life from day to day, and the scheme was given up.

Ten years later another ingenious in ventor, named Konig, procured a patent for a steam press, and Mr. Walter deterhazards. The press was secretly set up is canonized. in another building, and a few men. pledged to secreey, were hired and put in training to work it. On the night of ing were told that the paper would no go to press until very late, as important news was expected from the Continent. like a lamb. He was talking on one oc-At six in the morning John Walter went | casion with a distinguished nobleman into the pressroom and announced to the about Herat. He pronounced it wrongmen that the whole edition of the Times had been printed by steam during the would be regularly used. He told the men that if they attempted violence there was a force at hand to suppress it; but if they behaved well, no man should be a loser by the invention. They should either remain in their situations, or receive full wages until they could procure others. This conduct in a rich and powerful man was no more than decent. The men accepted his terms with alacrity.

The Times is still chiefly owned and conducted by Mr. John Walter, the grandson of the founder.

RED HOT SKETCHING. The Artistic Work That Can be Done With a Poker. [N. Y. Tribune.]

"In 1845," said a New York art deale to a reporter, "there lived in the City of Boston a worthless vagabond named Halden, a man who had seen better days He was an artist-had wonderful talent, and during his periodical sprees would devote himself to his peculiar work. though he was never known to do any were the best specimens of his art, and prudent woman did not hear it. they were marvels of correctness. They were generally burned on a thin board of bird's eve maple with a red hot poker of the ordinary shape, after which they re- there is only one coloring substance in ceived two coats of varnish which was plants, and the various colors of flowers put on to preserve them, and set in deep, are only due to the modifications proheavy frames.

"He called them 'Poker Sketches,' and on the back of each was burned this in scription: 'This sketch was burned with a poker-Halden, sculpsit.

"His likenesses were striking, and executed from memory, are perfect in from eight inches to more than eleven every respect. He had seen Webster only once in his life, but the portrait which he burned with his hot poker has been pronounced one of the truest likenesses ever seen of the great statesman. Webster's strong features and dark complex- the water from freezing in them, and all ion admirably suited the character of the train of evil consequences which work, which has a peculiar brown appearance when finished

"His picture of Clav is owned by his banker friend, who also once owned the unusually protracted.

wonder and admiration to visitors. "Poker sketches are durable and will literally a case of burn while the iron is the board; there is no erasure, no wiping out. A board so spoiled, the only remedy thing over again.

plication of the varnish it more resembles | dent at night. oil work than anything else, and the the finger is required to remove it. The phore genus received lately the attention has never developed, but probably there | the spectum of such a light appeared per had some little success from the be- are few people who would care to sit over very beautiful. It was continuous, and from burned fingers for the sake of art | bands. It occupied about seventy-five

An immense Territory. Russia has a continuous territory un paralleled by any other state in the world Stretching from the Baltic to Behring intensity diminishes the red and orange er almost touches the territory of the United States. The Czar's empire reaches nearly half round the world. Humboldt to present it fairly to the imagination of least refrangible rays are the last to be his readers, had to go to the heavens for his parallel, for he compared its extent to that of the visible face of the moon,

The editor of the Keptucky State cumbersome, too difficult; it required a Journal requests correspondents to advest amount of space; and, in short it dress him as colonel instead of esquire.

Was a system which could not, and cannot be worked to profit. But though the should go with the majority .- [Arken. | brightness in the dark to the so-called

A Day of Suspense

[Burdette.] "Mr. Smartman, that wretched dog of yours digs and scratches in my garder all day, chases my hens till they can't lay and then howls and barks the livelong night."

"Oh, well, tie him up, then, if he annovs you. I don't hear him. Haven't time to look after him myself, but if be

Three days later, Mr. Smartman has been hunting high and low for his dog the past forty-eight hours. "Slowboy, I can't find my dog any-

its existence, on the first of January. 1788, the name was changed to the where. Has he been about your place?" "Certain. He's in my barn now, You told me to catch him and tie him up." Smartman goes into the barn and finds his dog "tied up" to a rafter fourteen ime John Walter withdrew from the feet from the floor by a piece of rope nanagement, and gave it up to his eldest five feet long. Tableau, with red fire

> The Gift of Expression. [American Home.]

Every grade of intelligence, from common duliness to talent of the highest and most brilliant order, depends for its dethe world was done by hand, and the gree upon the possession and use of this

Expression is commonly associated with speech; we use it, however, in the more general sense of whatever tends to make public the inner life. Conversation, public speaking, all writings, paintings and songs, inventions of every kind and every act, public and private, which goes to make up life's history; all these was a compositor in the office of the are channels for the expression of buman nature. Genius, to be real, must give forth true expression; and it is not genius unless it meets with the stamp of

public approval. All may not be able to tell what is in them, but all can recognize the truth of what is told. The utterances of genius may fall temporarily upon dull ears, and the utterer sink, discouraged, into an obscure grave, for genius cannot live without its compliment of appreciation; but in the progress of the race, a point is reached where the truths his utterance crystalized are seen to shine forth in all mined to give his invention a trial at all | their beauty, and thenceforth his name

A Reminiscence or Carlyle.

[Contemporary Review.] It was amusing to see how impatient he was of correction from his wife, and yet he would take correction from mine ly, He'rat. My wife was an active listener. I was conversing with Mrs. Carlyle about a paper of mine that had recently appeared in Household words, on "The Buried City of Ceylon," when I

heard Carlyle say to my wife, "You seem interested in our conversation. "I can not quite make out what city you are talking about," said she. "Why, do you not know He'rat, on the western confines of Afghanistan and the eastern of Persia, that diplomatists are so much interested in just now?"

"Oh, you mean Herat'," said she: "that's quite a different thing. Nobody calls it He'rat." He accepted the correction without a murmur, and for the rest of

evening spoke of the city as Herat'. On another occasion he quoted wrongly from the Bible: "Is thy servant dead dog to do this thing?" "It is not a dead dog, Carlyle," said his wife-she spoke with a burr on the r. Kar'rlyle: It is not a dead dog, Carlyle, but a dog-"Is thy servant a dog to do this thing?" Carlyle heard her pe tiently to the end, and a little after took occasion to repeat his misquotation quite gravely, "Is thy servant a dead at each other, and they laughed so loud thing while sober. Halden's portraits dog to do this thing?" His wife, like a

A Swiss naturalist maintains that duced in this substance by the acids or alkalies contained in the plants.

On some occasions M. Colladon has observed that two or three seconds after hailstones had fallen to the ground they three of them now in existence, although | sprang into the air again to a height of inches, as if they had been struck upward

It ought to be remembered that a covering of felt nicely put on pipes prevents frozen water pipes entail, unless the cold is unusually severe, or the spell of frost

other two, but presented them to some | What seems to be a really useful ap-Southern friends. One of them, Shak- pliance has recently been added to the speare, is in the possession of Francis old-fashioned but often most efficient Fontaine, Commissioner of Emigration | type of life-buoy. Inside the buoy there of Georgia. Webster was presented to a is a circular brass reservoir filled with humorous writer of the same State, and | oil and so constructed that so long as it now hangs in his parlor, an object of is suspended on shipboard in the customary style none of the oil can escape, but when the buoy is cast upon the water last for centuries. In doing them it is and assumes a horizontal position the oil readily flows out of the reservoir and, hot.' One mistouch of the poker ruins spreading film-like on the surface, induces a sort of a calm for a considerable distance around the person to whom the is to begin on another and do the whole life preserver is sent, thus making it easier for a rescuing crew to pick him "It is wonderful to see the variety of up. The reservoir might also contain shades and colors which may be produced some phosphorescent substances which by this burning process. After the ap. | could be serviceable in case of an acci-

The composition and properties of the deception is so complete that a touch of light emitted by insects of the Pyroindentures may be plainly felt with the of M.M. Aubert and Roph. Dubois. hand. It may seem strange that this art | When examined under the microscope destitute alike of very bright and dark divisions of the micrometer, extending on the red side to the center of the interval separating the A and B rays of the solar spectrum, and on the side of the blue a little below the F ray. When its disappear altogether, the spectrum being then reduced to the green, with a little vellow and red, the green persisting longest. The reverse takes place when the insect begins to glow. Thus the emitted, a result hitherto observed in the spectrum of no other luminous body, except to a limited extent in that of the sulphide of strontium. Examined to ascertain its photochemical properties, this light showed a feeble display of the phosphorescence of the sulphide of caleium-the substance which imparts